

C N CALLING

Come when it may, the stern decree
For me to leave the cheery throng
And quit the sturdy company
Of brothers that I work among.
No need for me to look askance,
Since no regret my prospect mars.
My day was happy — and perchance
The coming night is full of stars.
Richard Molesworth Denny

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

LOOK AT
THE TREES

See page 2

Thursday 2d

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GRANDFATHER'S TALE OF THE SUEZ CANAL

See
Below

KING OF THE RAG AND BONE MEN

Golden Dustman of the War

It is not the glitter and pageantry of war that win a campaign and save a nation; the source of victory may lie hidden in humdrum, unromantic efforts which seem sordid and ludicrous to those who look only to the thrill of events on the field.

The Government has just appointed a chartered accountant who may be an organiser of victory. He is Mr H. G. Judd, and his post has the prosaic title of Controller of the Salvage Department. In effect he will be King of our Rag-and-Bone Men, and will see that waste products of every kind, old tins and cans, fats, boots, clothes, paper, cardboard, rubbish of every sort that mars the appearance of town and countryside, are collected and turned to new purposes for the prosecution of the war.

What Happened Last Time

The rag-and-bone men up and down our streets and on the old battlefields of France and Flanders played an immense part in giving us the victory in the Great War; without the harvest of their labours there would not have been leather enough to shoe our Forces, to say nothing of our civilians. The salvaging of old boots behind the lines, which started as a private enterprise by two wounded officers, grew into a vast industry with depots in France, in Mediterranean islands, in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. So successful were these enterprises that not only were our armies constantly re-shod, but re-conditioned boots came home for the service of workmen in agriculture and industry.

One of the most important departments of the salvaging industry that gradually came into being was the collection of fats. As the greatest soap-makers in the world we had always had abundant glycerine as a by-product of the fats used in the process, but bad harvests that thinned

domestic animals, coupled with the constant loss of shipping and the ever-mounting demand for nitro-glycerine (basis of all explosives), caused a very grave shortage for the Allies.

So, both at the Front and at home, every scrap of waste fat was saved and collected. Fat meats were stewed, and the broths, like the soups, were skimmed of their fat, so that in time from the kitchen refuse of the Army alone enough fat was forthcoming to provide all our land and sea Forces with soap and to furnish glycerine sufficient to fire 23 million shells.

Old clothes were treated as successfully as the boots; huge temporary works were set up behind the lines for the repair of rifles, guns, cars, and aeroplanes, so saving space and time in shipping sorely needed for the transport of men, food, and munitions.

All cans were collected to yield solder, tin, and material for the steel-makers. Old shell cases were made new at next-to-no cost; every scrap of cardboard, paper, waste food, and metal was collected and stored.

All Can Help

The soldier-collectors were paid for the work, and the brigades most successful in the collection were awarded extra leave from the Front. So colossal quantities of waste were salvaged and turned to new account, huge sums of money were saved, and finally we had shipping set free for other purposes. But for our rag-and-bone men on the battlefield and on its fringes, with the men engaged in similar recovery work at home, we could not have had ships enough to bring over the American army.

Those great feats were performed late in the war; this time we are starting the work forthwith. It is work in which all can help, by seeing that no metal, fat, clothing, leather, or paper fails to reach the depots of the army which Mr Judd is to direct.

JAMES AND ADOLF

"Five St Trinnean's Girls" who have moved with their school from Edinburgh to Galashiels send us this little tale of the patriotic bulldog James.

WE are guests of Mrs Scott Makdougall, who has a ferocious-looking but very lovable bulldog called James.

As we cannot have out-of-doors activities after tea because of the Blackout, each form in turn entertains the rest of the school every Saturday evening.

Last Saturday our form provided the entertainment, and Mrs Makdougall and

James were present. One of our turns was the singing of the new war song Adolf by one of our members. The impersonator, when made up, strongly resembled Hitler, and as she goose-stepped across the stage the resemblance was too much for James, the true British bulldog, who rushed on to the stage and jumped up at the clever performer, stopping her from continuing!

Luckily, no damage was done, but James had to be removed from the room before the act could be continued.

Scouts For the Navy



Rover and Sea Scouts with a knowledge of signalling are being recruited for the Navy. Here is an instructor sending semaphore messages at a Scout training camp

A Little Prince and His Dream

AN article concerning the Suez Canal has brought back to the mind of a reader the strange story of its origin and the story told by Ferdinand de Lesseps himself to our reader's grandfather.

Ferdinand de Lesseps won fame for attempting and carrying through a gigantic enterprise which men had always been afraid to undertake, and which has converted Africa into an island. From his early youth he was fascinated by travel, and when he left college he decided to become a diplomat. After regular training he was appointed Consul at Alexandria, and while in Egypt

an idea of old came to his mind. He dreamed of a canal uniting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, a canal that would shorten the way to India by 5000 miles.

There reigned a strange Pasha over Egypt at that time who wished his little son Said to keep a slender figure. The little prince was deprived of proper food and of all social enjoyments, but he was allowed to take French studies with de Lesseps. Three times a week young Said would hurry to the Consul's home, and the first thing his good friend did was to serve him a dish of macaroni

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THE DEFEAT OF GERMAN TRADE

The fury of the Nazis, who are sowing the seas with drifting mines, is due largely to the fact that the Allies have now stopped her overseas exports as well as imports, and so cut her off from her last hope of trading beyond Europe.

As we have been impounding contraband cargo for Germany from the opening of hostilities, most people had imagined that goods coming out of Germany had been seized also, but this was not so. Now both imports and exports for Germany are banned, however, and the result is a practical long-distance blockade of that country.

The effects must be severe and far-reaching. Germany had been exporting, in neutral shipping, machinery and manufactured goods, chemicals, fertilisers and a host of other things which, sold for money in the country to which they were forwarded, enabled her to purchase the raw materials of which she is urgently in need.

No Income From Overseas

She has virtually no money. Russia sent her, as part of her bargain, some five million pounds, but that is as a drop in a bucket. Germany needs money for payments abroad, and those payments came from her exports. Suppose she built up a big credit balance in South America or in the East, when she made a purchase from a neighbour she could allot some of the American credit to the nation from which she bought; by so doing she was paying cash at second-hand, for the country from which she bought could either obtain payment from that fund or buy goods there.

That is one of a number of complex ways in which the Nazi Government could still carry on international trade and so finance the war, but such traffic died at once when the Allies pronounced their punitive ban, for no more German goods can go to sea without risk of capture.

Already on the brink of bankruptcy, Germany must now face ruinous war without income from overseas. "We must export or perish," Hitler has said. The Allies have decreed that she shall not export, and the cost she must pay for her barbarity will prove disastrous.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Casus belli. We sometimes see it stated that an action by one State towards another would be regarded by the affected State as a casus belli. These two words are Latin for Cause of War. Germany's invasion of Poland, for example, was the casus belli as far as France and this country were concerned.

Heligoland. Reconnaissance planes of the R A F have made successful flights over this rocky island, less than a square mile, lying about 44 miles from the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. Inaccessible cliffs rise on all sides except the south-east, where a flat sandy shore has been converted into a strong harbour for submarines and other warships. During the Great War Heligoland was an aircraft centre and was protected by enormous guns. The island belonged to Britain at the end of last century, but was given to Germany in 1890 in exchange for rights in East Africa. By the Versailles Treaty Heligoland's forts were dismantled, but they have now been rebuilt.

Paravane. This was a device invented in the Great War to protect warships and merchant ships from fixed mines. A pair of paravanes are towed from the bow of the ship, each attached to a towing wire which, when taut, submerges the machine to the required depth and at a proper distance from the sides of the ship. When a mine is encountered the paravane deflects it from the side of the ship and cuts its mooring cable, so that it rises to the surface to be destroyed.

The Trees Are Like Beautiful Lace

TENS of thousands of children from English and Scottish towns and cities, settled for the time being far from their homes in the peace and seclusion of the countryside, have witnessed one of the most beautiful transformations of our countryside.

The little ones arrived in the country when harvest in field and orchard was at its height and the woods rich in the glory of summer foliage, and



Autumn beauty on the hillside

since then Nature herself, hastening without hurry, has been rhythmically performing a colossal task of which the results are nowhere more astonishing than in our woodlands.

Since the children reached the country in September the woods have changed their clothes, their company, and their chorus. The birds then paying farewell visits to favourite feeding-places have for the most part

flown, and new flocks that had spent the summer in the North, as far up as the Arctic Circle and beyond, have come South to people our silent copses and hedgerows.

The trees themselves have seen the most startling of changes. All but the evergreens have cast off their leaves. These, like the completed glory of a sunset merging into twilight, reserved their richest hues for the time before eclipse. They left the trees when still rich with colour and splendour, to fall silent and forgotten to the ground, there to form new additions to the soil from which, next year, new growths will spring.

So wonderful is Nature, however, that the trees do not appear scarred or impoverished by their loss. All the delicate tracery of bough, branch, and twig is suddenly revealed, and we see now how inimitable are the architecture and the engineering principles by which these magnificent growths are perfected and sustained. The trees are like lace; go out in the lovely moonlight and the wood is like a dream.

Through these stark but supple riggings the wind rages in hurricane force without doing a particle of damage. The change that has come about is signalled as much to the ear as to the eye.

In summer the trees, heavy and resistant with their luxuriant crown of leaves, oppose the sporting gales with a sullen roar; today the gales are met and acclaimed by stripped boughs telling their own tale of joyous and flexible strength.

All is sound and snug in the woods. The top-hammer, as sailors say, is safe, springy as whips; the trunks are sturdy and unaffected; the roots are actually benefited by the tug and torsion to which they are submitted, for the more they are pulled and strained the more firmly do they grip the soil and spread their network of cables.

Grandfather's Tale of the Suez Canal

Continued from page 1

in secret. Neither of them have realised the far-reaching consequence of this strange relationship.

As years passed by de Lesseps pursued his diplomatic career in various countries until a quarrel with the French Government caused him to resign. One evening in Paris he was wondering what to do with his life when the vision of the canal flashed through his mind again. Then, curiously enough, he heard the newsboys crying in the streets:

*Egypt has a new King!
Said succeeds his father!*

This prompted the Frenchman to make his decision, and soon afterwards he was landing in Alexandria again, delighted to find that the new Pasha entertained great desires for Egypt.

"Your canal is mine," declared young Said when they met, and soon he had signed a concession conferring on de Lesseps the privilege of making a ship canal on his territory. The day of connecting the Orient with the Occident had arrived.

But the contract created controversies and raised doubts on all sides. Would de Lesseps be able to dig a harbour in that vast gulf of mud? Could he furrow a channel through 100 miles of quicksand? Would the unequal level of the two seas not destroy the work?

The Frenchman ignored these debates, however, and in twenty days he had completed the outline of his cherished canal. His plan ready, he found that he must convince Turkey of the wisdom of the enterprise, that he must win British support, and must raise far greater funds than he had anticipated. In the meantime Said saw the rising of enemies around him and grew afraid; the canal was no longer his, but the foreigner's.

Ferdinand de Lesseps then understood that he would have to fight the battle alone, and decided to face the adversaries in their own countries. He sailed for England and spoke at 24 public meetings, declaring that his idea would promote not war but peace. He went to the Court of France, where, after much deliberation, Napoleon the Third promised him help. He went to Turkey, which finally decided to sign an agreement, and from now on the ruler of Egypt began to talk of his canal again.

It was not until 1859 that de Lesseps beheld the actual starting of the work, and not till ten years later that he enjoyed the full reward of his stupendous struggle. One day the harbour of Port Said unfurled the flags of all countries to greet visitors flocking to a solemn festival of civilisation. The famous canal was being opened, and it would unite 300 million Europeans with 700 million Asiatics.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Canada reckons to spend 63 million pounds in the first year of war; Australia's effort will cost 50 million pounds.

Anyone wishing to send a Christmas greeting to a blind friend may have it Brailled free by sending it to the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1.

When the crew of a scuttled German ship were landed in a British port, a boy of 15 was tightly clutching a black and white kitten rescued from the ship.

With the figure of Peace and the words "They shall prosper who love thee" on one side, and "We conquer to set free" on the other, a medal commemorating the Allied victory over Napoleon has been found in a cottage garden near Witham, Essex.

Dr Nora Acheson went out with the Aldeburgh lifeboat the other day, the first time a woman doctor has gone out with a lifeboat.

Charlotte Brontë's desk has been bequeathed to the Brontë Museum in her old home at Haworth.

The Queen has presented to Canada the last letter written by General Wolfe to his mother; it was written before the battle which won Canada for Britain.

Refusing to be evacuated, a Hampshire centenarian said: "Not even this man Hitler will make me move now."

A new word has been coined in North China—Worphan, coined from war orphan.

Air transport lines in America have flown 50,000,000 miles in seven months without a single passenger fatality.

Japan's Education Ministry has forbidden all children under 14 to attend cinemas where films are shown that are likely to give them disrespect for elders.

Two corporations have been formed in America to collect gifts for British and French sufferers from the war.

THINGS SEEN

A French war hospital being built underground.

White stripes on black cows on an Essex farm.

A cooing dove on the top of an air-raid shelter.



The Queen of Holland bicycling about the streets at the Hague, practically unattended.

People in Manchester cheering the arrival of a bus in the Blackout.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Horses having returned in increasing numbers to a London severely rationed in respect of petrol, a grown-up paper has written imaginatively of the joy with which pensioned veterans quit their quiet pastures to re-assume their harness and drag their heavy loads about the streets of the metropolis.

We wonder if any keen student of horse-life would agree with the suggestion. A horse may love its master, yet its paradise is not a stable or a street but a green meadow where, summer and winter, it may roam free, gleaning its meals from the grass and only seeking the sanctuary of a shed when flies persecute it in summer.

The best-fed and most pampered horse from a stable, taken to a field, cocks its tail, pricks up its ears, and gallops, neighing with delight, away from the most trusted of human companions, and ends its ecstasy in a roll on the grass.

GRATITUDE

The Overseas Tobacco Fund for British soldiers has been augmented by a thank-offering from a German Jewish mother. She has sent a gold watch-chain, her husband's wedding present and the last valuable left to her. This gift was an expression of her gratitude for the escape of her son who was rescued from a Nazi prison-camp by English friends.

THE FARM WHICH LAID A GOLDEN EGG

A few years ago two brothers owned a potato farm near Ballarat in Victoria. Though they worked from daylight to dark they only managed to eke out a bare existence.

One morning, after a particularly heavy rainfall, they were horrified to find that part of their crop had been washed away, but on looking closely they discovered that a gold reef had appeared where the soil had been! In the first three years it yielded £10,000 worth of gold, and the other day the brothers sold their potato farm to a syndicate for £30,000.

MILK AND BRAINS

It should not need extended and costly experiments with children to confirm the fact that milk is good for them, that it makes them bonny and bright and therefore *brainy*.

The Milk Nutrition Committee, however, has spent £10,000 on proving, from serious experiments in schools, that "regular doses of milk produced definite and consistent improvement in height, weight, chest circumference, muscular strength, general nutrition, and, finally, intelligence. Moreover, the children receiving two-thirds of a pint of milk a day produced consistently greater improvements in these respects than those receiving one-third of a pint."

So the expression "drinking a health" is very true when the drink is Nature's perfect food—just as it is untrue when the drink is alcohol.

A LESSON ON THE SPOT

We told the story the other day of a boy who ran away when he heard the farmer say he would get the threshing machine out tomorrow. The evacuees in this story were not at all afraid.

They are East Kent evacuees and are discovering that country life can produce new experiences almost daily.

A crowd of them were gazing at a threshing machine which had started work during their absence at school. A somewhat bewildered farm-worker was trying to explain to them what it was all about, but it was not until the farmer himself let each child touch the grain as it poured from the machine that they really understood that this was one more link between field and table.

Playtime by the Sea



London evacuee boys enjoying a game of football on the South Coast

THE DOG AND THE CAR

This incident is recorded by a friend who witnessed it at Alford in Lincolnshire a few weeks ago.

A gentleman called on him on business with his car, leaving a Labrador retriever seated inside. Soon after the dog, missing his master, jumped out of the window, and having successfully nosed his master, returned to the car to find he could not get back in the way he had got out. He overcame the difficulty, however. Standing on his hind legs, he caught hold of the handle with both paws, opened the door, and regained his seat to his entire satisfaction. It was evidently not his first attempt.

NEAR LEEDS TOWN HALL

There is an office window in the heart of Leeds where the time signal is given by a sparrow. As surely as 11 in the morning is shown by the town hall clock the sparrow begins fluttering round the window, tapping the glass with its beak, bobbing about on the sill. Presently the window is thrown up, a girl hands out crumbs, the sparrow helps himself to his lunch, and flies off, leaving the work-a-day world to carry on.

25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of December 1914

Joan of Arc. One of the most touching beliefs of the French peasants is to be fixed in the mind of France by the setting up of a statue of Joan of Arc at Lagny, the extreme point touched by the Germans in their attempt to reach Paris. On the night the Germans turned away from Paris, the password in the French army was "Jeanne d'Arc," and the simple peasants believed, and still believe, that the Maid of Orleans drove the Germans back. Perhaps the new statue may be, in years to come, a place of pilgrimage in France, and this story will be carried down the ages.

A HERO ALL UNKNOWN

Two years ago Frederick Hinds, an eager medical student at Stanford University in Los Angeles, was looking through a microscope at a slide of his own blood when he saw something that made him gasp with horror.

He saw the dark clot of blood that he was suffering from myelogenous leukemia, the fatal disease in which white corpuscles disappear from the blood. Although he realised at once the fate in store for him, the courageous young man told none of his terrible discovery, but kept on with his studies.

The story of his bravery came to light the other day when Frederick passed away, for he left behind him a precise and detailed record he had kept of his own case, which will be of invaluable assistance to the man who one day finds a cure for this rare disease.

YOUR OWN PET AT THE ZOO

It is now possible for members of the public to adopt an animal at the Zoo. The fairy godparents may not take their protégés away, but may have their name over the cage and go behind the scenes. About fifteen inmates have now been adopted and weekly payment is made by the godparent according to the cost of the type of animal.

CLOGS BACK

One of the unexpected results of the war has been the increased demand for clogs in Glasgow.

The old type of clog was almost forgotten till a few weeks ago; but now, it seems, the noisier the clogs the better people like them, for they help to make walking in the Blackout safer.

Clogs protect the feet from damp, and clatter so noisily on the pavements that even the darkest night cannot hide pedestrians from each other.

Wear clogs and avoid collisions is Glasgow's motto.

THE JUNGLE MAN

The old man who knocked feebly on the door of a hospital in Taihoku, capital of Formosa, the other day had come a long way. For hundreds of miles he had been carried through the wildest jungles.

He was Peter Yates, a Canadian missionary who for years had been living among the most primitive natives. He had been buried alive so long that everyone had forgotten about him, and although every now and then expeditions into the interior would bring back stories of a mysterious white missionary who was living among the natives, and was treated by them as a saint, such rumours seemed too far-fetched to be true and scant attention was paid to them.

The other day, however, Mr Yates emerged from the jungle to die among his own people. He was 76. Ten days after he entered the hospital he passed peacefully away.

There will be no impressive memorials over this unknown hero's grave, but away in the wilds his jungle folk will keep his memory green.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Earth up celery finally on dry days, but if the soil is of a heavy nature a little dry soil should be put next to the plants. Protect it from frost with straw.

Endive is now ready to be planted in sheds and frames.

Whenever the weather remains open, push on with the planting of deciduous trees and shrubs. Rake out leaves from shrubs and dig over the borders.

THE OLD WOMAN ON THE FRONTIER

An old tribeswoman who was grazing her cattle in Waziristan not long ago kept her head when an Indian army aeroplane crashed beside her.

She immediately ran to see what first aid she could render the injured airmen. Pulling the pilot officer out, she made him as comfortable as possible, and then tried to drag the gunner from the plane. But he was too heavy, so she raced to the top of a hill and managed to attract the attention of the North Waziristan Tochi Scouts, who came to the rescue.

We hear much of the hostility of the Frontier tribes towards British India, but the old woman's kindly act shows the other side of Frontier life, the tribal rule of helping strangers in distress.

WOOL-GATHERING

Bradford, the greatest wool-market in the world, has a new song to sing. Its people know how to sing, as do all Yorkshire folk, and now they have been known to go to the mills with these words on their lips:

Baa, baa, Bradford, have you any wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full: Two for the army, one for the home, But none for the merchant who ships o'er the foam.

BLACK AND RED

A recent traveller in a remote corner of the Pacific coast of Colombia has brought back a strange story of the African Negroes settled there.

Transplanted from Africa, from the hot and humid Congo, the climate and the conditions have suited them, and they have flourished to such an extent that they have driven off the native Choco Indians, the red men of this region of South America. There are now 160 Negroes for every Red Indian, and in this struggle for existence the Chocos seem doomed to extinction.

HEIRS OF MICHAEL ANGELO

Five little Italian boys in New York have just finished the biggest wall painting in oils ever made by a juvenile group.

They are children from the slums, who have spent every spare minute since April hard at work on their wall, which measures 16 feet by 4. The vigorous colours have brought life to the walls of a Children's Aid Society centre. There is a picture of a rowdy basketball game, boxing, a quiet game of checkers, and the youngsters weeding their precious roof-top garden.

Fitting it is that these little artists should have been Italians, for long before the world had heard of America the immortal men of Florence brought into the world such beauty as has not been rivalled since. They worked for all time and not for a day.

The five little Italians in the New World have a glorious heritage to live up to.

THE TWO-WAY GOPHER

To the USA Museum of Natural History have lately been added some rare pocket gophers, which are among the strangest of small creatures. They dwell in underground tunnels, and have the valuable accomplishment of being able to run backward as fast as forward.

Their hind legs are the same length as their front ones, and they have sensitive tails which serve them as well as if they had eyes in the back of their heads. When an intruder appears at the mouth of their underground tunnel, the gopher draws back as if pulled by a string. It is no wonder that they are so rarely seen.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 9 1939

The Thread of Peace That Binds Our British World

THOSE who cherish the generous spirit of universal brotherhood, and know that the British League of Nations is its chief citadel in this world, must often be moved by the thought of the great multitude of men and women for ever praying and working that the unity of mankind may come.

The thought comes to us with every letter that reaches our desk from our old friend Daisy Bates, living her lonely life in the great solitudes of Australia, now looking back on her generation of devoted service to the remnant of the Blackfellows, first known inhabitants of Australia.

Greatly moved in these days by the peril in which the world stands, Mrs Bates writes to us of two pictures she has carried in her heart for years because they make her feel that it is well for the world to keep our English-speaking world strong and whole.

One picture is of an incident in the Philippines, when an American warship in the harbour was startled by a German warship coming up in front of Admiral Dewey's ship, threatening and blustering. There was a tense moment, and while Dewey was making ready to reply to the German move along came a British man-of-war, moving quietly and delicately into the exact line of fire between the other two. No noise, no word, nothing—simply the Empire moving at once to America's side.

The other picture is of two bands of Zulus fronting each other only a few yards apart, each in war array, strung up and quivering with war-lust. Along came Lord Lugard on horseback and, riding between the ranks, the great British Administrator recognised the leaders and the chiefs he knew, talked with them and gave them the usual British sense of friendly feeling. Sitting unarmed in the saddle, he talked to both sides, a quiet chat he was glad to be having with old friends, and as they talked the war-lust faded away.

Those are the two pictures which come to us this week from our far-away friend on the banks of the Murray River, and we may all echo just now the words with which she sends them: "God give such men to our Empire now and always. Where but in the British Empire are such men turned out?"



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Italy, Oasis of Peace

WE have been looking through an Italian newspaper (the Weekly News from Rome), and it is remarkable to see the activities of peace now going on there.

A year or two ago, with Europe at peace, the talk in Italy was of war; today, with Europe at war, the life of Italy is full of peace, and all Italy's friends must be glad that it is so. For a thousand years we have been friends with this country that has made for itself so proud a place in the world, and no travelled man of our land is there who does not long to see once more the glory of Venice, the wonder of Florence, the pride and majesty of Rome. The monuments of Michael Angelo are the possession of mankind. The pictures of Giotto are the joy of all. The statues of Donatello are among the things we never forget. The Della Robbias are unmatched in the world.

And as for the streets of Pisa, where we turn a corner and look on a green

space crowned with the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Leaning Tower—where else on earth is the traveller held spellbound as here? And where else do we feel as we feel in walking about Assisi, in the footsteps of St Francis, and by his grave?

Good it is to think of Italy, with more of the monuments of peace in its streets and galleries than any other land, as a tranquil oasis in this time of war; and good it is to see pictures in its newspapers of the building up of the Great Exhibition of Rome in the year after next, and of a dozen exhibitions which are to be held before the great one opens. We see that next year there are to be exhibitions and fairs in Venice, Milan, Messina, Genoa, Naples, Bologna, Verona, and in our beloved Florence, which taught the world the delights of peace so long ago and remains today, amid all war's alarms, the everlasting witness to the real source of the strength and pride of mankind, its spiritual heritage.

The War and the Birds

NOT only do men, women, and children suffer in wartime, but also animals, and even birds.

Our feathered friends will have a hard time in the war. Fewer people will feed them, and there will be less food to throw on the lawn. At a time when we must guard against waste we cannot afford to be too generous with crumbs for the birds, but there is always something to spare, and we should see to it that whatever is not fit for human food is given to the birds rather than thrown on the fire. In city and town, in garden and yard, the birds look to us for part of their daily food. Even if

we cannot give our little friends much to eat, we can think kindly of them; and can do something to make others understand them. War increases the number of enemies the birds have to contend with, for in hard times farmers and gardeners and fruit-growers run away with the notion that birds steal their crops. It is not true except in one or perhaps two cases, for most birds do much more good than harm. If there were no birds there would be many more pests of flies and caterpillars, both far more detrimental. The birds are our friends, not our enemies; let us remember them.

Information Wanted

WE hear that the Ministry of Information was rung up by an elderly lady who asked if the authorities would kindly tell her when William Rufus died, and where he was buried.

JUST AN IDEA

Such is beauty ever—neither here nor there, said Thoreau. If I seek her elsewhere because I do not find her at home, my search will prove a fruitless one.

Under the Editor's Table

GEOLOGISTS have discovered that London has sunk nine inches in a hundred years. But it will always rise to the occasion.

THE BBC shows imagination, says a critic. A new experiment in television?

THE Germans are to produce soap from coal. It won't wash.

COUPONS for clothes have been issued in Germany. They don't sound very warm.

FIVE Countries Move for Peace, says a newspaper. But where to?

THERE will be cheaper presents for Christmas, we are told. But the Government warns us not to give anything away.

A FRENCHMAN has come to London to try to get rid of soot. Hopes to make sweeping changes.

THE first Pullman car was tried out sixty years ago. It became popular in the long run.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If angry roadmen make cross-roads

A Prayer For This Troubled World

O eternal God, in Whose will is our peace, we commend to Thee the needs of all the world. Where there is hatred give Love, where there is injury Pardon, where there is doubt Faith, where there is despair Hope, where there is darkness Light, where there is sadness Joy.

May we ourselves seek not so much to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love, for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, it is in dying that we are born to eternal life in Jesus Christ Our Lord.

Boys Brigade Prayer for Founder's Day

Pretending

JOHN and Daniel are little Evacuees, aged five and three, and they sleep in the drawing-room on a Kent hilltop.

The other night the man of the house peeped in a little late to say Good-Night and found Daniel lying awake in the dark with no sign of John, who lay still in a corner. The man crept out lest he should wake him, and in the morning the three met in the corridor. "Ah, you were fast asleep when I came to say Good-Night to you, John," said the man. "No; I was only pretending," John said with a twinkle. "But Daniel spoke to me," said the man, whereupon Daniel:

And I was only 'tending.

Respite

I WILL put by the stormy papers And make me trouble free By walking in the meadows That lead Kingstream to the sea. The only drum is lovesick snipe's A-courting as he flies, And for bombers pig-tailed plovers Go juggling in the skies. The billowy swan (no warship) Breasts there the gentle tide, And harmless fish (no submarines) Below the water glide. Beneath the dipping willows I know I shall receive That peace which poor man strives for, And only God can give. Joan Begbie

Defence of a Dog

WE may perhaps be forgiven on behalf of our dog friends for printing this defence of their good name.

Everywhere we hear a certain base fellow in Europe called by many names he well deserves, but surely no dog deserves to be linked with his horrible crimes and cruelties? Therefore we pass on without apology these four lines we found in our postbag:

Hitler, although a dirty dog
You're called by not a few,
I don't agree; a dirty dog
Is lily-white to you.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings which he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

F. W. Robertson

December 9, 1939

The Children's Newspaper

5

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S
FAREWELL

FAREWELL! a long farewell, to all
my greatness!
This is the state of man: today he
puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow
blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick
upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing
frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man,
full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his
root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have
ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on
bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-
blown pride
At length broke under me, and now
has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the
mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever
hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I
hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O! how
wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on
princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would
aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their
ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or
women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Henry the Eighth

The Merry Cobbler

We have been looking through some old
letters and have thought it worth while to
print this from a merry cobbler which we
found in our letter-bag 20 years ago. Our
greeting to the cobbler if it catches his eye.
I HAVE been a Salvation Army bands-
man nearly thirty years. I have
repaired scores of thousands of pairs
of boots. I have known the great
sorrow of being out of work, almost
distracted; and terrible thoughts come
into your mind just then.

I have sold books by the score to
get bread for the children, and that
was like tearing my heart out, for I
love books. I have had three suits in
pawn, and played in the band with
patched-up clothes. I have had my
Salvation Army suit for eighteen years,
and wear it still.

In 21 years of married life my wife
and I have had one holiday only.
Once we got away for four days.
Once we went to Grimsby for a day,
and once to Skegness; that is all the
change we have ever seen—six days in
21 years. And I am afraid I shall never
save five pounds.

Yet there is no one in this town
happier than I am. I travel all over
the world in books, but if I left my
native land I should still have to work
and see no more of this splendid world
than I do here.

So am I downhearted? Not a bit
of it! I have worked to do, and the
trousers of my Salvation Army suit
will last me for five years, so that I am
Yours, still smiling. . . .

P.S. I am only middling with a
pen, but you should hear me play
the drum.



A King of England Speaks

AND now be it known unto you all
that I have dedicated my life to
God, to govern my kingdoms with
justice, and to observe the right in all
things.

If in the time that is past, and in the
violence and carelessness of my youth,
I have violated justice, it is my inten-
tion, by the help of God, to make full
compensation.

Therefore I beg and command those
to whom I have entrusted the govern-
ment, as they wish to preserve my good-
will and save their own souls, to do no
injustice either to poor or rich. Let
those who are noble, and those who are
not, equally obtain their rights according
to the laws, from which no deviation
shall be allowed, either from fear of me
or through favour to the powerful, or
for the purpose of supplying my treasury.
I want no money raised by injustice.

Canute in a Letter to All the English

The Everlasting Ally
of Free Peoples

THE people always conquer. They
always must conquer.

Armies may be defeated; kings may
be overthrown; and new dynasties be
imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant
and slavish race that care not in what
language the covenant of their sub-
jugation runs, nor in whose name the
deed of their barter and sale is made
out. But the people never invade;
and when they rise against the invader
are never subdued.

If they are driven from the plains
they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks
and everlasting hills are their castles;
the tangled, pathless thicket their
palisade; and God is their ally.

Now He overwhelms the hosts of their
enemies beneath His drifting mountains
of sand; now He buries them under a
falling atmosphere of polar snows. He
lets loose his tempests on their fleets.
He puts a folly into their counsels, a
madness into the hearts of their leaders;
and He never gave, and never will give,
a final triumph over a virtuous and
gallant people resolved to be free.

Edward Everett

It's No in Wealth Like
London Bank

It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like London bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in makin muckle mair,
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

Robert Burns

THE MAN TO HONOUR

LONG live who knows humanity,
Its duties and its worth;
Who loves his brother-man as much
An' if he walk with beggar's crutch
Or clad in purple forth.

Long live who ne'er hath bowed the
knee
To golden idol's pride;
Who owns for sordid self no care,
And not before a monarch's chair
Hath ever fawned or lied.

And long live every honest man,
Each man of dauntless mood,
Each monarch, and each serving-man,
Each citizen, each countryman,
Each man that doeth good.

By a German poet

Never More

NEVER, oh, never more shall I behold
A sunrise on the glacier: stars of
morn
Paling in primrose round the crystal
horn;
Soft curves of crimson mellowing into
gold
O'er sapphire chasm, and silvery snow-
field cold;
Fire that o'erfloods the horizon; beacons
borne
From wind-worn peak to storm-swept
peak forlorn;
Clear hallelujahs through heaven's arches
rolled.

Never, oh, never more these feet shall
feel
The firm elastic tissue of upland turf,
Or the crisp edge of the high rocks; or
cling
Where the embattled cliffs beneath them
reel
Through cloud-wreaths eddying like the
Atlantic surf,
Far, far above the wheeling eagle's wing.

John Addington Symonds

In Martin Luther's Will

IN the last will and testament of
Martin Luther occurs this remark-
able passage:

Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou
hast been pleased to make me a
poor and indigent man upon earth.
I have neither house, nor land, nor
money, to leave behind me. Thou
hast given me wife and children,
whom I now restore to Thee. Lord,
nourish, teach, and preserve them, as
Thou hast me.

The Proud Boast of Pericles

WHEN Pericles was at the point of
death his surviving friends
and the principal citizens, sitting
about his bed, spoke of his extra-
ordinary virtue and the great authority
he had enjoyed, and recalled his
exploits and the number of his
victories; for while he was comman-
der-in-chief he had erected no less
than nine trophies to the honour of
Athens.

These things they talked of, sup-
posing that he attended not to what
they said, but that his senses were
gone.

He took notice, however, of every
word they had spoken, and thereupon
delivered himself audibly as follows:

"I am surprised that, while you
extol these acts of mine, though fortune
had her share in them and many other
generals have performed the like, you
take no notice of the greatest and most
honourable part of my character—that
no Athenian, through any act of mine,
ever put on mourning."

CLOUDS AWAY

PACK, clouds, away! and welcome,
day!
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale, sing!
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Thomas Heywood

YOUTH ABOVE ALL

THERE is a feeling of Eternity in youth
which makes us amends for every-
thing. To be young is to be as one of
the Immortals

William Hazlitt

MOTHER OF EMPIRE
London or Devon?

WE have been accustomed to think
of the English Adventure as
beginning with the mariners of Bide-
ford and Barnstaple.

The splendid courage of the English
freebooters and their brilliant achieve-
ments against the Spaniards were but
a small part of a magnificent outburst
of enterprise which seized upon our
people in the sixteenth century. You
will find that while Drake and his
companions were fighting the Spanish
ships and plundering Spanish towns,
mostly for the joy of fighting the
Spaniard, the merchant adventurers
of London were sending forth their
cargoes in all directions.

The Russian Company traded with
Archangel; its factors penetrated
everywhere over the Muscovite realm,
even to Astrakhan, even beyond the
Caspian Sea into Persia. The Chartered
Company traded with the Baltic. There
were companies for trade with Africa
and Spain. The Levant Fleet had to
fight the Spanish galleys off Gibraltar,
the Moors within the Mediterranean,
the fleets of the Venetians. The
English captains established factories
everywhere.

It is, then, to London that we owe
our colonies, our foreign trade, our
Indian Empire. In the brains of the
London merchants the expeditions
which founded them were planned.
They found the ships, the crews, and
the captains; but, above all, they
found the intelligence to understand
the advantages of their geographical
position, and the informing spirit that
converted their sailors from mere mer-
cenary traders to geographers, settlers,
and ambassadors of peace.

Sir Walter Besant

Lord, Who Shall Bear
That Day?

LORD, who shall bear that day, so
dread, so splendid,
When we shall see Thy angel hovering
o'er

This sinful world, with hand to heaven
extended,
And hear him swear by Thee that
time's no more?

When earth shall feel Thy fast con-
suming ray—
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?

When through the world Thy awful
call hath sounded—

"Wake, oh ye dead, to judgment wake,
ye dead!"

And from the clouds, by seraph eyes
surrounded,

The Saviour shall put forth His radiant
head;

While earth and heaven before Him
pass away—

Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?

When, with a glance, the eternal Judge
shall sever

Earth's evil spirits from the pure and
bright,

And say to those, "Depart from me
for ever!"

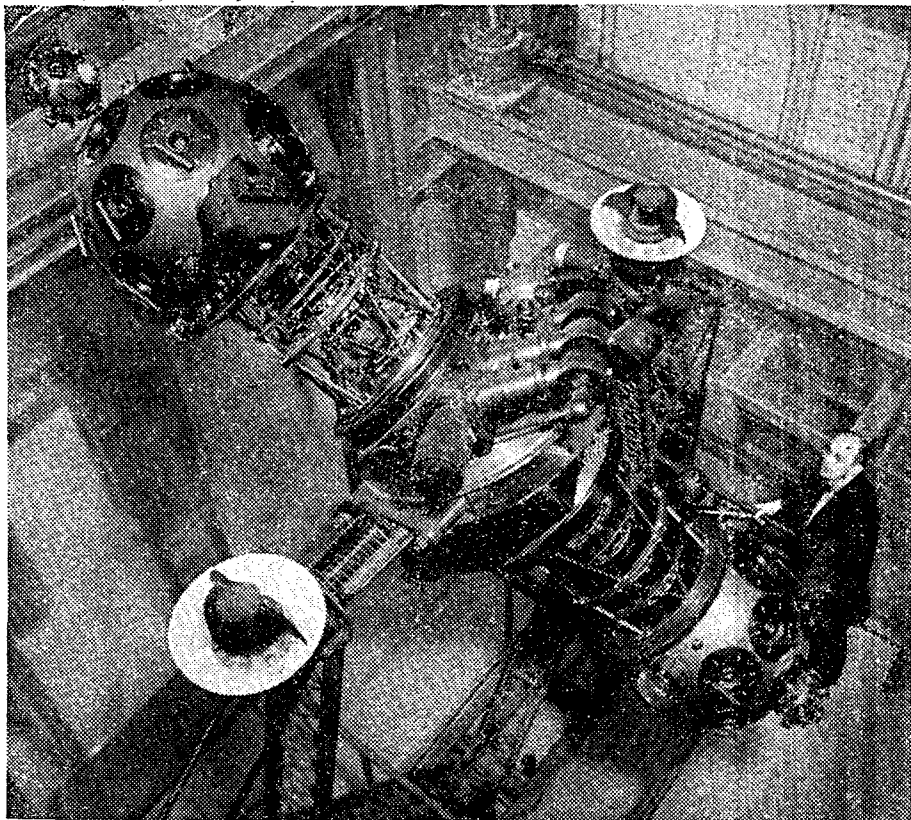
To these, "Come, dwell with me in
endless light!"

When each and all in silence take their
way—

Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?

Thomas Moore

A Wonder of the Century Comes Through the Floor



The projector in its pit at the Buhl Planetarium

THE long hope that some rich man would give us a planetarium to see the heavens remains unfulfilled, but other lands (even half-starved Germany) have the privilege of enjoying these superb spectacles.

America's fifth planetarium, at Pittsburgh, has recently begun to reveal the wonders of the heavens to enthralled audiences.

This wonderful apparatus is capable of showing the stars and planets as they appear from any part of the Earth's surface; it can reproduce, too, a picture of the heavens as they appeared a thousand or two thousand years ago. The Adler Planetarium at Chicago gave as a Christmas programme a reconstruction of the heavens on that night when the Three Wise Men followed the guiding star which took them to Bethlehem.

In the Buhl Planetarium at Pittsburgh, America's latest, the big projector with its 106 lenses remains hidden as the audience take their seats. It is in a pit beneath the auditorium floor, and when all is ready for the lecture to begin a wonder of the 20th century comes through the floor. The press of a button causes a section of the floor to lower and slide

under the basement ceiling while the projector is raised into place by a lift specially designed for the purpose by Mr James Stokley, Director of the Planetarium, and the Westinghouse Electric Elevator Company.

The whole operation takes only about three and a half minutes and a man seated at a control panel follows every movement of the apparatus by watching a series of small green lights. Two motors, of about 9 h-p together, are required to move the floor, while a 20 h-p motor raises and lowers the 9000-lb platform on which is supported the three-ton projector and frame. A number of safety switches guard against the possibility of collision between the disappearing floor and the rising projector.

Another interesting feature of the Buhl Planetarium is the hemispherical ceiling on to which the heavens are projected. It is 65 feet in diameter, and the stainless steel sheets of which it is formed have been pierced with fourteen million tiny holes. This has been done to eliminate echoes from the lecturer's voice and other sounds by permitting the sound waves to escape through the holes and be absorbed by an acoustical blanket.

The Bird That Stayed at Home

THIS refreshing tale of human kindness and a bird's devotion comes to us on a far journey from British Columbia.

The scene is a house in the shadow of the Rockies, and the story opens with a decision to make a sun porch by the kitchen window. This called for the removal of a small birch tree and a syringa tree interwoven with it; but while measurements were being taken a small bird like an English redpoll flew away, and on investigation a nest with five blue eggs was revealed. A few hours later, in order that the nest should neither be destroyed nor forsaken, it was decided to cut the tree and tie it to another syringa a few feet away. A delicate operation with snippers, saw, and string followed, the bird actually

staying with her eggs in the nest during the whole proceedings, even while the nest was being made level and comfortable again with the aid of a long stick.

During the weeks that followed the bird became quite used to its new friends, and the day came when they were able to go quite close and watch her feed her newly-hatched chicks. A daily visit followed until with great regret the bird-lovers found that their friends had flown. A sad day that was, because new friends had been lost, but those who had been kind to the birds believe with Robert Browning that all is well with Nature, and that all arrive home:

*I see my way as birds their trackless way,
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.*

CAN WE DO AS Is Man a

ARE we prisoners or guests in this wonderful world?

In trailing clouds of glory do we come, free to follow the impulse of our will? Or are we bound to follow some hidden path to an end fixed before we came?

In its simplest form the question and its diverse answers can easily be exemplified. Says one questioner to another:

Here I stand in this room. I might take up this book and throw it at you. I am perfectly free to choose whether I do so or not. I choose not to throw it.

To that the other might reply:

One answer to your assertion that your will is your own is that it was born in you. You inherited a certain disposition and a prescribed temperament which has been developed by your bringing-up. It is not in your temperament to throw books or bottles at people.

Even suppose you do throw the book and I am the victim of it, then the actual throwing might have been due to some mental twist you had inherited, the consequence of some happening before either of us was born; and I am the victim of a predestined series of events.

The case against Free Will, as it is put here, is that if all those preliminary circumstances had been known beforehand the occurrence of the thrown book, at a given time, at a

given place, and in a given direction, could have been predicted. The person who was struck was in the path of an inevitable association of causes and consequences.

That is the case put as strongly as possible against Free Will.

How far is our will, or the texture of our thoughts, something that we have inherited and cannot alter?

If our ancestry and our inherited traits could be traced back as far as the First Man, or farther back to the first living thing, might we not find in that first being's consciousness some factor which, transmitted down through the ages with all its interminglings with other factors, might result in the mental twist which would lead to the throwing of the book?

There is some answer to that supposition. It assumes that in the inherited mind everything happens with the exactness of the laws of mechanics. But there is absolutely no proof that the inheritance of mind and consciousness follows the laws we recognise in physical and material things.

Immanuel Kant, the great German thinker, said that man as an intellectual being would agree that his character had been formed and his



Man of the Shipyards—Fixing rivets underneath a new ship

WE LIKE IN THIS WORLD?

Guest or a Captive?

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown;
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.

William Watson

mind moulded by causes which were independent of himself, but that as a moral individual he looks on himself as a character with this prerogative over all other beings: that he fixes his end for himself.

This deep-seated distinction between the scientific and intellectual aspect of man and his moral side is one on which every believer in Free Will unshakenly relies. The other view destroys the moral instincts of man. Declare that a man acts as he does because he can do no other, and the fabric of his moral life is gone.

Character in general, we may grant, is partly inherited and partly acquired, and what is acquired is also the product of inherited leanings.

But from the moral point of view a man's actions are not referred backward. Man brings his action face to face with a *Thou Shalt* which he finds within him and approves or condemns accordingly.

Though man, aware of the compulsion of *Thou Shalt* or *Thou Shalt Not*, may resist its authority, he admits its existence in doing so. If he disobeys the ruling he is asserting his Will, and in every contingency is conscious of it. The fact that man declares his freedom of will is in itself a proof of its existence. This immediate consciousness of being able to choose is what the Fatalist finds it so hard to explain. We feel that it is within us to influence events. The sequence of cause and effect in many material things may be admitted, but there comes a point when we question it.

Man as a spiritual being selects from the past and reacts upon it according to his choice.

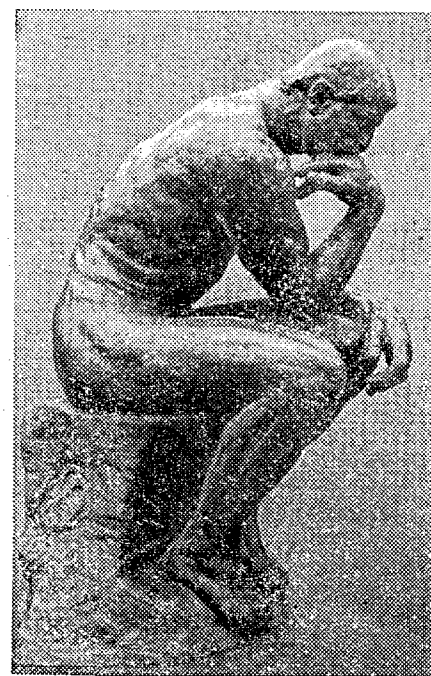
The Fatalist's argument is that if we had the complete facts as to the state of the whole Universe during, say, the first minute of the year 1600, it would be merely a mathematical exercise to deduce from them everything that has happened since that year,

or is going to happen in the future. But this will not do. In the first place all the facts can never be known. Those who have studied atoms and electrons and laid down what they believe to be the laws concerning them have discovered that half the facts about them or their movements must always be hid in the future. Take the simplest type of prediction. Suppose we have an electron moving forward with a uniform velocity. If we know its position now and its velocity it would seem to be a simple matter to predict what would be its position at some future instant.

But the mathematicians say No. There is no limit to the accuracy with which we can get to know the position of the electron, or to the accuracy with which we can get to know its velocity, *but we cannot get to know both at the same time.* The complete facts do not come into the world till the event is accomplished. *They could not have been predicted.*

Sir Arthur Eddington has put it like this—that *each passing moment brings into the world something new, something that is not a mere mathematical summing up of what was already there.*

And so we are at liberty to believe that the something new is *the exercise of the human Will*, which is the fragment of Divinity that is in us. This freedom of the Will is a moral power that can make the world better. To



The Thinker, by Rodin

us Knowledge unfolds its objects and its works. We are free to make things better. We are, we can say in all humility, creators.

Man by his Will becomes a spiritual being, rising above Nature to the height of his ideals. If he falls it is by disobeying ideals and refusing to realise them. His moral Free Will is never satisfied with the present. It is by its exercise that he fulfils the destiny of Man. Man is a part of God Who made him, and is allowed to be a creator in the world wherein he lives and moves for ever onward.



Girls of the Farm—Carrying straw for the cattle



Wielder of the Knitting Needles—Grandfather does his bit

A CRISIS IN THE HOME OF FODDER

Keeping the Sea Open For Neutrals

There is a sadly romantic irony in the distressing crisis which Holland has been facing.

She is an important agricultural and dairying country, and, with an extensive food surplus, sends half the quantity she has for sale to help in feeding the people of under-nourished Germany.

We, too, are famous for our agriculture, our dairying, and our horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. All the world comes to us to buy our pedigree stock for the improvement and maintenance of their herds and flocks.

But we owe our supremacy as stock-breeders to the Dutch. Our forefathers farmed so unskillfully that with the coming of winter they had to kill off and salt all but a few cattle, sheep, and pigs, for there was no winter food for them.

It was Holland that introduced the use of root-crops, turnips, swedes, mangolds, and other growths that, gathered in the autumn, can be kept until the following spring and so throughout the winter feed flocks and herds innumerable.

All the most valuable cattle and other domestic animals that now flourish in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the United States, and South Africa descend from British animals which, feeding by methods copied from the Dutch, enabled us to bring them to perfection.

The New World has grown vastly rich on the agricultural lessons of England and Holland, but today Holland, with her increased herds, has to depend for existence on the New World for her own herds. So many are her cattle that she cannot feed them unaided. She, who taught us how to winter cattle and sheep, is so reliant on America that without cattle-food from there her farm animals would starve in a fortnight! And starvation would come for her if we did not keep the seas open for neutrals.

The Serious Thing That Happened in October

In paying for a war two distinct issues appear.

The first is *internal* payment, the finding of the means to pay soldiers, to make munitions, and so on. The second is the *external* aspect, the finding of means to pay suppliers overseas, who sell us food and materials.

Finding foreign exchange to pay for enormous imports is difficult enough in peace; in war the matter is complicated by shrinkage of trade. We need more imports at the very time when it is more difficult to export goods to pay for them.

In September our exports fell by over £16,000,000; in October they fell by £18,000,000.

In October our exports of goods did not pay for half our imports of goods.

That is very serious, for our shipping earnings and investment profits have also fallen. We must strain every nerve to increase exports, for imports we must have.

In the Great War we borrowed enormously, as did France, from the United States. The new American Neutrality Act now forbids such borrowing, and we have to depend on our own resources. It is good for us that our resources are as rich and strong as those of any nation on the earth.

The Electric Fence

We have already told about the electric fences in South Africa and elsewhere, and now we hear that experiments are under way in Denmark to have similar fences, as it has been found that barbed wire damages the hides of ninety per cent of the cattle.

When the Last War Was Three Months Old

THE REMARKABLE PROPHECY OF A GREAT FRENCHMAN

The war is three months old. When the last Great War was three months old a great French philosopher, Henri Bergson, then in his prime and now 80 years old, wrote this prediction of what would happen. All the world knows that it came true.

THE issue of the struggle is not doubtful. Germany will succumb.

Material force and moral force, all which is sustaining her, will end by failing her, because she is living on provision she has accumulated, is spending it, and has no way of renewing it.

Germany's Resources

Of her material resources all is known. She has money, but her credit is falling, and one does not see where she is to borrow. She needs nitrates for her explosives, fuel for her motors, bread for her 65 million inhabitants, for all of which she has made provision; but the day will come when her granaries will be empty and her tanks dry. How will she refill them? War, as she practises it, makes frightful havoc of her warriors. Yet here again replenishment is impossible, no aid will come from without, because an enterprise launched with the object of imposing German rule, German culture, German products, only interests and ever will only interest what is already German.

Such is the situation of Germany confronted by a France who is keeping her credit intact and her ports open, who is procuring herself victual and munitions as she pleases, who reinforces her armies with all that her allies bring to her support, and who can count on the ever more active sympathy of the civilised world because her cause is that of humanity itself.

Still this is only material force, the force which is seen. What can we say of moral force, the force which

is not seen, which yet matters most since it can in a certain degree make good what is lacking of the other, and without which the other is worthless.

The moral energy of nations, as of individuals, is only sustained by an ideal higher than themselves and stronger than themselves, to which they cling firmly when they feel their courage waver. Where is the ideal of the Germany of today?

The time when her philosophers proclaimed the inviolability of right, the eminent dignity of the person, the duty of mutual respect among nations, is no more. Germany, militarised by Prussia, has cast aside those noble ideas.

She worships brute force, and because she believes herself the strongest she is altogether absorbed in self-adoration. Her energy comes from her pride. Her moral force is only the confidence which her material force inspires in her. And this means that in this respect she is living on reserves without means of replenishment. Even before England had begun to blockade her coasts she had blockaded herself morally, in isolating herself from every ideal capable of giving her new life.

Force Against Force

So she will see her forces waste and her courage at the same time. But the energy of our soldiers is drawn from something which does not waste, from an ideal of justice and freedom. Time has no hold on us.

To the force which feeds only on its own brutality we are opposing that which seeks outside and above itself a principle of life and renovation. While the one is gradually spending itself, the other is continually remaking itself. The one is already wavering, the other abides unshaken. Have no fear, our force will slay theirs.

A Pathetic Procession in Spain

RECOVERING from the wounds of her grievous civil war, Spain, now devoted to the task of restoration, has just witnessed a pathetic spectacle.

During the closing years of the reign of King Alfonso the conduct of affairs in Spain was entrusted to a man of ancient family and title named de Rivera, who acted under the King as Dictator. At his death a few years ago he left a son, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, in whom all his personal hopes were centred.

Young Primo was naturally involved in the revolution, during which he formed a Fascist-like party which he named the Falangists. Captured by the Republican

forces, he was thrown into prison at Alicante, where in 1936 he was shot.

Resolved to honour the memory both of the young man and of his famous father, General Franco's government has now permitted the body of the youthful Primo to be removed from its first resting-place and borne in honour to the Escorial at Madrid, last couch of the kings and queens of Spain.

The distance from Alicante to Madrid is 300 miles, and the body was carried the whole way on the shoulders of successive relays of Falangists, who marched day and night, their route marked throughout by dated stone columns, wreathed with garlands.

What the Clever Starling Can Do

ONLY the other day we saw a score of starlings busy with the apples in the orchard, so that all have not yet left the country for winter quarters in town.

They are not very popular in either place. In London they are rather a nuisance, though their sewing-machine chatter as they settle for the night about St Paul's, or the British Museum, or the Embankment Gardens is amusing. In the country the farmers blame them for all sorts of sins they do not commit. But a naturalist has just found a good

word to say of the starling. He is the finest mimic of all the birds. He can and will mimic all of them, from the hen clucking when she has laid an egg to the immature chirp of the young robin and the clear and less throaty songs of the full-grown birds. He can imitate the whistle of a boy and the mew of a kitten, and can reproduce bird songs out of season.

All this seems an aimless accomplishment, of no use to him or value. It is the art of an original genius.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

And the Annuals Have Arrived

If nothing else told us of the approach of Christmas the big collections of bright Annuals in the stores and bookshops would be enough to mark the time of year.

This fact was brought home to a C.N. father who set out early to buy presents for his young people. While considering where to begin his search his eye fell on an old friend of his boyhood, Chums, and he soon became lost to his surroundings. How its pages took him back through the years! It was the same old favourite, yet how different, he thought, for its articles, and most of its stories, concerned thoroughly modern subjects; and the tales of other days were of the type that never fail to thrill and hold the reader.

In this fine annual for the manly boy are three book-length stories, one of them, Forbidden Peaks, being a thrilling tale of adventure on Mount Everest. There are also thirty long and short complete stories, numerous articles, colour plates, and a splendid music section. Chums Annual at 8s 6d is splendid value today as ever, and will provide many hours of thoroughly enjoyable reading.

Wonders of Today

The world of today is full of wonders and in The Modern Boy's Annual we are taken behind the scenes and made familiar with many of them. Flying and motor-racing, ships and railways, the search for sea treasure, television broadcasts, wonders of the Maginot Line, building roads, are just a few of the subjects dealt with in this fascinating book, which will interest modern boys and modern men, too.

A whole section is devoted to Easy-to-Follow Plans for building several working models, including the Hawker Hurricane, and there is a long story of Biggles, one of the most popular characters in fiction for boys today. Modern Boy's Annual is splendidly illustrated throughout and will be recognised as good value at 6s.

In the five-shilling group we come to another book for the modern boy, a newcomer among the annuals. It is the Modern Boy's Book of Pirates, and it has been written by a favourite writer for boys, Flying-Officer W. E. Johns. It tells of piracy from the time of Julius Caesar down to our own time.

The films are so much a part of our lives today that there are many who will welcome the Boy's Cinema Annual, a book lavishly illustrated in photogravure. In its pages many screen favourites will be met, and there are eight complete stories and 17 pictorial articles, and a series of drawings showing how talkies are made. Four shillings will buy this exceedingly bright book.

The Eucalyptus Tree

The Australian eucalyptus tree is finding its way round the world.

In Morocco thousands of these gums have been planted for decorative purposes and, as well as admiring their beauty, the Moors have found a new use for them. One of their popular dishes is a stew made of meat and vegetables which is spiced with a handful of eucalyptus leaves.

Many farmers in country districts in Australia find it a profitable hobby to make eucalyptus oil. This is done by boiling the leaves, which are put into big square tanks sealed by lids so that the steam cannot escape. Then a huge fire is lit under the tanks and when the water boils the oil comes out of the leaves. The oil and water run as steam down a long pipe to a drain containing water, which, being cool, turns the steam into fluid again. This runs into a drum, where the oil floating on the water is easily skimmed off.

C N ANIMAL STRIP

HOW THEY DEFEND THEMSELVES



The Tiger with its claws



The Walrus with its tusks



The Deer with its antlers



The Elephant with its feet



The Rhinoceros with its horn

THE VERY GALLANT PADRE—A TALE OF LAST TIME

THEODORE HARDY was 51 when the Great War broke out. Behind him lay 22 years of hard work as a schoolmaster—at Nottingham High School and Bentham Grammar School. In 1913 he was vicar of Hutton Roof in Cumberland.

He went as an army chaplain to France, where a new life opened for him. He looked back on his hardest years in school as a kind of play; ministering to the wounded and dying was his work. He saw amid the horrors, the grossness, the unplumbed agony of war, a new explanation of life, a new ideal. His gentleness with those stricken down was a revelation, something never forgotten by men who witnessed it. On the field he behaved like a hardened soldier, and he was as brave as an old campaigner in his denunciation of any coarse word.

Months rolled into years. One day he was helping to bring in the wounded during an attack. Guns were roaring, shells screeching, men screaming; darkness and horror filled the earth. One of the soldiers they wanted to bring in was in extremity, and Hardy, sending the others to a place of safety, stayed to comfort the dying man. He was amazed when he was given the DSO for his bravery. He had only stayed a little nearer the guns than usual.

A few weeks later, in the thick of a bombardment, he went out as usual with the stretcher-bearers. While he was kneeling by the wounded there was a shock, a flash, a fiery blast that flung him some distance away on the upturned earth. As soon as he could breathe he staggered to his feet. A

shell had stricken both the living and the dead.

He set to work to drag the wounded out of the debris, one by one. As a result of that he was obliged to accept the Military Cross.

The next summer saw him still with his beloved troops, a frailer man himself, with that look in the eye which meant he had faced worse than death so often that he thought nothing of it. It was a July day. Over in England the high midsummer pomps had come, roses, peonies, pansies crowding the gardens at home, young bracken scenting the woods. Into another wood Mr Hardy stepped, a wood from which the soldiers had just withdrawn, leaving it clear for the advancing enemy. A wounded man lay there.

The padre was helping to fetch him back to the base. It never occurred to him that he was extraordinarily brave. Such was his humility that he was dismayed to find that the result of that heroic adventure in the wood was the V.C. He positively shrank from wearing the ribbons many men would have given a right arm for. Perhaps it was because he had seen so much suffering and knew how many heroes had gone unsung, undecorated, to their graves.

He did not wear his honours long, for he was killed in action a month before peace came. To the men who knew him he was an undying inspiration, a challenge to forget self and go straight forward, to look on death as merely the Gate of Life.

What Happens to the Smoke from Our Chimneys?

It is a question which can only be answered by asking, first, what this smoke consists of. It is mostly made up of solid particles of carbon and of a variety of gases.

The wind is constantly carrying smoke away from cities, scattering it through the air far away, so that it becomes much less noticeable. The smoke from eruptions of volcanoes may be carried all round the world, and make the sunsets much more beautiful thousands of miles away, many months later.

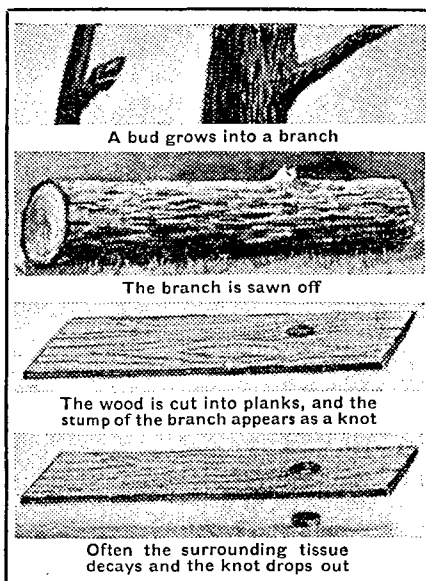
But in course of time many of the heavier particles settle by their own weight, and so return to the soil.

Some of the gases in the smoke are burnt up, and so got rid of; but a great and precious agent, which keeps the air sweet and pure, and is always at work washing the dirt out of it, is the rain; and everyone knows how pure and clear the air is after a shower. Every rain-drop leaves a clean track of air behind it as it falls to earth.

How Does a Knot Get in a Tree?

When the tree from which the wood came was growing a bud appeared on the stem. This was at first made up of cellular tissue, but as it grew there

PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX



developed vessels and wood-cells and, outside these, further cells which formed bark, until the bud had grown into a branch. When the branch was broken off by the wind or by some other agency the stump remained embedded in the trunk, and when the tree was felled and

sawn up into planks the sections of the branch-stump appeared as round knots. The knot is always hard, because it is cut across the grain instead of with it, as in the main body of the plank. The falling out of a knot, leaving an ugly knot-hole, is due to the decaying of the tissues growing round the stump which held it in the trunk of the tree.

Why Does It Thunder?

Thunder is an irregular wave in the air. Its cause is the very sudden heating of the air, high up above our heads, by the quick passage of electricity through it from cloud to cloud, or from a cloud to earth. Air offers great resistance to the passage of electricity through it, and when anything resists the passage of electricity that thing becomes hot. If it becomes hot it expands suddenly and recoils, thus setting up the air-wave we call thunder.

A sound spreads out, if it can, equally in every direction; so the sound of the thunder spreads upward from the clouds, downwards from the clouds, and sideways through the air and through the clouds themselves. The part we hear is, of course, only the part which happens to reach our ears, part of the wave that spreads downward from the place where the electricity passed and started it.

Why Do Some Things Bend and Others Break?

We do not know what makes the parts of any solid thing stick together, and so we cannot hope to explain such facts as bending, brittleness, or elasticity. We can study the effects of various outside conditions on these properties, and can learn something by studying such things as sealing-wax, which will readily bend at times, and will break at other times. In this case we find that the temperature of the sealing-wax makes all the difference; when warm it bends, when cold it breaks. This is true of many things.

Such facts as these help in guessing the reasons why things behave in such various ways. The molecules that make them must be held together differently in different cases. In hot sealing-wax they behave as if they held each other with their arms relaxed, but in cold as if their arms were stiff.

Where is the Sun at Night?

At night, as in the day, the Sun goes on, travelling along its mysterious path at twelve miles a second to some goal among the other stars. But at night that part of the Earth which was fronting it in the day turns its back on it and the inhabitants of that side of the globe cannot see it.

Queer Doings in the Atlantic Ocean Bed

WHEN the seas are safe for the scientists again they will take up their interrupted task of tracing the geology of the floor of the Atlantic Ocean.

This had been progressing favourably till this year, and some of the results are now appearing. Among them is the fact that the ocean bottom is cleft by the valleys of streams, as on the land, though most of these ocean valleys are found to begin where continental rivers flow into the sea. There are also mountain ridges on the ocean

floor, but the larger part of it is covered with a bed of ooze, laid down there by the dead bodies of the tiniest marine creatures that have shells of limestone, or still tinier bones.

This soft bed of accumulated limestone may be thousands of feet deep, though only one foot of ooze has been deposited in the 20,000 years since the last Ice Age. Some ooze deposits have taken 10 to 100 million years to form.

The thickness of the sediment of ooze is ascertained in a peculiar way

by creating small artificial earthquakes on the ocean bed. Two ships are employed, and one lets down at the end of its deep-sea cable a depth charge of high explosive which can be detonated by an electric wire sent down with it.

The explosion causes small earthquake waves to travel not only in the sea, but down through the ooze to the granite rocks below, and back again as the rocks reflect it. These small vibrations are carried to a delicate

sounding-board let down from the companion ship, and from this sounding-board are carried upwards to other delicate instruments on board.

These instruments take note of the time of the first explosion on the sea bottom, the time when the explosive waves of water arrive, and the times when the slight waves reflected from the top and bottom of the ooze follow one another. By sifting these times the earthquake-makers can arrive at the thickness of the ooze.

Found After 2000 Centuries

The Stone Age Man Who Forgot His Knife

On a rocky plateau in the middle of the Libyan Desert Major R. A. Bagnold, its most recent explorer, was sheltering in a cave from the desert wind.

Just as he turned to go he flashed his electric torch for the last time about the gloomy recesses of the cave, and there, on a rocky shelf, lay a stone knife. It had lain there probably 200,000 years.

Nothing in all that he found in this desolate unvisited abode of forgotten men moved him, he says, with such a thrill as this knife. The Stone Age man who left it behind had just been setting out for his hunting in the Libyan forest; and had set down his knife on the shelf, either forgetting where he had left it, or never coming back for it.

There it had lain while the whole world changed. The Ice Age had fled from Europe, and the rainfall of North-East Africa became less and less till it all but ceased. The vegetation on this high rocky plateau had withered till it would sustain neither man nor beast; and in a few thousand years the Earliest Stone Age race which lived there had disappeared, and all their works with them.

The thousands of years rolled on, and then a newer race of Stone Age Men earned a scantier living on the sandy stretches of the Libyan Desert beneath the high plateau. Rain failed these also, and they were driven to the fringes of the desert and the shores of the Nile.

All this time the stone knife lay on the shelf, unseen, unknown, while races and peoples, tribes and dynasties, passed by. It lay there till the other day when an English explorer found this relic of a Lost World in the African Desert.

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST WORKERS?

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy: Is it better to work with the Hands or with the Brain?

The Man: The happiest workers, I think, are those who contrive to work both physically and mentally. Don't forget that the hand can only work at the brain's command.

Boy: I think that what I really meant was, Which is the better way of earning one's living—as a manual worker or as a brain-worker?

Man: In our society as it is there can be no question that the brain-worker has the advantage. He has unlimited opportunity, whereas the manual worker, as such, is tied to a certain form of labour and denied the opportunity of advancement. It is true that a manual worker can school his brain after hard work all day, but as a rule he has little inclination to do that after hours of physical toil.

Boy: It is easier, I suppose, for the brain-worker to turn to physical work for recreation?

Man: Indeed it is! Nothing is more delightful than to turn to golf or some other form of physical exertion, and of course he needs the balanced exercise of mental and physical powers.

Boy: Is there any occupation that fully exercises hand and brain, or should I say body and brain?

Man: Yes, there is the working farmer who has to labour and contrive, work and manage. Then there is the architect, who designs with hand and brain and then, superintending the execution of his plans, obtains plenty of exercise. The old Italian artists not only painted their wonderful pictures, but ground and mixed their own colours and made their own panels and canvases; they were truly workmen-artists.

Boy: I often think a bricklayer is cleverer than a clerk.

Man: And you think truly. A skilled bricklayer draws lines and forms curves with material in work which calls for the exercise of much more "brain" than the writing of an invoice. Making a curved flue in brick is a clever operation. Another instance is the contrast between the typist and the dressmaker. The typist's work is simple—almost mechanical. The dressmaker's work is an art and at the best a fine art.

Boy: When everyone has become well educated, as I suppose all will be some day, who will do the manual work?

Man: If we imagine a community really well-educated the answer to your question is simple. A cultivated people, understanding the need for work to be done, will organise it, using machinery to the full to make mechanical jobs easier, and applying their trained intelligence to making a happy life for all.

Boy: So that there would be no class distinction between manual workers and brain-workers?

Man: The distinction would disappear, for all would share in labour made pleasant by association and social service.

Boy: But here and now?

Man: Here and now the wise boy will prepare himself for any opportunity. He will exercise his body to make it strong. He will learn to use tools and how to draw, to understand, and to work an engine. He will study the sciences. He will acquire languages. He will find his powers so expanded as he learns that he will combine the happy command of body and brain, ready for high adventure in any field, near or far.

We Are Apple Millionaires

100 Apiece For Everybody

Apples make a record this year, for the English crop alone is 450,000 tons. That is about 1000 million pounds, and it looks like a hundred apples for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom.

So many apples there are in Hampshire, it is reported, that the growers have invited people to invade the orchards and to help themselves so that the fruit may not be wasted.

Yet still, it seems, our consumption of apples is not so big as it ought to be. The old saying has it that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," but the official report is that, on the average, we eat only two apples a week.

We do not really seem to have properly acquired the apple habit. In the United States and Canada they eat more apple pie than we do. It is everywhere, and very good it is, made in a shallow dish and cut like a cake.

Mrs Chamberlain and 12 Fighting Men

Twelve French N.C.O.'s serving at the Front have written to Mrs Chamberlain asking her to become their "marraine de guerre."

They have conceived the idea of asking somebody whose faith and courage has aroused their admiration to give them the help of her thoughts and personal interest, and they recall what a comfort this institution of "wartime god-mothers" was to the soldiers in the last war.

In acceding to the request Mrs Chamberlain says how happy she is to show her friendship and admiration for the soldiers of France.

Every Child Reader can be a SANTA CLAUS

Wouldn't you like to be, yourself, a Father Christmas to a little East End girl or boy?

There are thousands of children in London's Dockland who are wistfully longing for toys and filled stockings. They do so hope that Father Christmas will remember them. But their homes are poor and there is no money to spare for Christmas extras.

You would make a child so happy this Christmas if you will send a little gift—and used toys, shoes, boots, etc., too, if you have them—to

REV. R. ROWNTREE CLIFFORD,

WEST HAM CENTRAL MISSION

409, BARKING ROAD, LONDON, E.13.

Please Give Generously To These

In these last few weeks, with their magnificent gifts to the Red Cross, our people have shown once again how great-hearted they are.

But there is a danger that, intent on their war work, some will forget the causes which are always pleading for help, and most of all when Christmas is coming. May we therefore ask C.N. readers to make a special effort this time to ensure that those whom they have helped in the days of peace shall not be sent empty away in this Christmas under the shadow of war?

The very old and the very young always suffer more than others in war-time, so that more welcome than ever will be those parcels of food and clothing which the Field Lane Institution and the West Ham Central Mission give to the poorest of the poor in London.

Unhappily hunger and cold are not the only evils from which the children suffer. There is cruelty so widespread that the N.S.P.C.C. deals with over 120,000 cases a year. This old-established Society never relaxes its vigil, but at Christmas, the children's own festival, it justly expects gifts from all lovers of children.

We must not forget the little ones who will be spending Christmas Day in hospital. But our hearts will go out even more to those in their pain and suffering who should be lying lovingly tended in a hospital bed, but are not because there is not a bed to spare. The Little Folks Home at Bexhill, the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and many another could use more beds to relieve suffering if gifts were bigger.

And let us not forget The Animal Defence Society, which is doing splendid work in evacuating the pets of the poor.

So this Christmas, with all its calls on our pockets for new charitable funds, let us not forget these older organisations which have been carrying on from year to year, from Christmas to Christmas, helping the poor and the afflicted.

THE YOUTH GROUP OF

THE ANIMAL DEFENCE SOCIETY

15, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.

At Christmas we remember that on the first Christmas night the gentle animals stood guard around the Christ Child. We feel that we ought to do something for the animals in memory of that faithful watch.

There is much that we can do. There are always unhappy, homeless animals to befriend. There are those who starve, who are cold and neglected, overworked or cruelly treated through the heartlessness of those who ought to be their protectors.

THE ANIMAL DEFENDERS of the YOUTH GROUP remember them and try to help them.

War inflicts many hardships upon animals. Horses and dogs serve and suffer with the armies.

The Animal Defence Society has established a Veterinary First Aid Post under A.R.P. for Animals. Through its Evacuation of Animals Service the Society has found safe country homes for many hundreds of dogs, cats and other animals belonging to soldiers or evacuated people unable to look after them.

★ Will you help to pay for Licences for the soldiers' dogs by collecting pennies in your schools and among your friends and send the amounts to the Youth Group?

JOIN THE YOUTH GROUP by sending 1/- to the Animal Defence Society, for which you will receive your Badge and Promise Card.



PLEASE REMEMBER INVALID CHILDREN THIS CHRISTMAS

Many of them have fathers serving in H.M. Forces, and you will be helping these men as well as their children if you send a donation to the

INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION
(Emergency address) 19, KENSINGTON GATE, LONDON, W.8.

FOR THOSE IN DEEPEST NEED

Please help us to provide:—

Roast Beef and Plum Pudding Dinners for hundreds of destitute men and women; to be served in the Institution on Christmas Day.

Parcels of Groceries and Clothing for poverty-stricken families.

Tons of Coal for fireless grates.

FIELD LANE INSTITUTION

(FOUNDED 1841)
VINE HILL, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of The Queen's Hospital for Children)

Is Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

The situation created by the War, with the inevitable increases in maintenance costs, makes our needs today greater than ever before. To enable us to carry on with our work of administering skilled medical and nursing services to the children from London's poorest areas, we appeal to all C.N. readers to continue their contributions.

★

PLEASE SEND A GIFT—A XMAS GIFT—NOW
TO—The Secretary, The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

WESTWARD HO! TOLD IN AN HOUR

A Short Version of Charles Kingsley's
Immortal Story, in Two Instalments

SECOND PART

AND the good ship Rose went westward ho! and came in due time to La Guayra in the Indies, the highest cliff on earth, some seven thousand feet of rock parted from the sea by a narrow strip of bright green lowland. Amyas and his company are at last in full sight of the spot in quest of which they have sailed four thousand miles of sea. Beyond the town, two or three hundred feet up the steep mountain-side, is a large white house, with a royal flag of Spain flaunting before it. That must be the governor's house; that must be the abode of the Rose of Torridge. There are ships of war in the landing-place.

Amyas's plan was to wait till midnight, attack the town on the west, plunder the government storehouses, and then fight their way back to their boats. To reach the governor's house seemed impossible with the small force at their disposal.

But Frank would not have their going away without doing the very thing for which they came.

"I will go up to that house, Amyas, and speak with her!" he said.

Then Amyas, Cary, and Brimblecombe drew lots as to which of them should accompany him, and the lot fell upon Amyas Leigh.

At midnight Amyas went on deck and asked for six volunteers. Whosoever would come should have double prize money.

"Why six only, captain?" said an old seaman. "Give the word, and any and all of us will go up with you, sack the house, and bring off the treasure and the lady before two hours are out!"

"No, no, my brave lads! As for treasure, it is sure to have been put all safe into the forts; and, as for the lady, God forbid that we should force her a step against her will."

The boat with Frank, Amyas, and the six seamen reached the pebble beach. There seemed no difficulty about finding the path to the house, so bright was the moon. Leaving the men with the boat, they started up the beach, with their swords only.

"She may expect us," whispered Frank. "She may have seen our ship, and some secret sympathy will draw her down tonight."

They found the path, which wound in zig-zags up the steep, rocky slope, easily. It ended at a wicket-gate, and they found the gate was open when they tried it.

"What is your plan?" said Amyas.

"I have none. I go where I am called—love's willing victim."

Amyas was at his wits' end. A light was burning in a window on the upper storey; twenty black figures lay on the terrace.

Frank saw the shadow of the Rose against the window. She came down, and he made a wild appeal to her.

"Your conscience! Your religion—" "No, never! I can face the chance of death, but not the loss of my husband. Go! For God's sake leave me!"

Frank turned, and Amyas dragged him down the hill. Both were too proud to run, but the whole gang of negroes were in pursuit, and stones were flying.

They were not twenty-five yards from the boat, when the storm burst and a volley of great quartz pebbles whistled round their heads. Frank is struck, and Amyas takes him over his shoulders and plunges wildly on towards the beach.

"Men, to the rescue!" Amyas shouts. "Fire, men! Give it the black villains!"

The arquebuses cracked from the boat in front, but balls are answering from behind. The governor's guard have turned out, followed them to the beach, and are firing over the negroes' heads.

Amyas is up to his knees in water, battered with stones, blinded with blood; but Frank is still in his arms. Another heavy blow—confused mass of negroes and English—a confused roar of shouts, shots, curses, and he recollects no more.

He is lying in the stern-sheets of the boat, stiff and weak. Two men only are left of the six, and Frank is not in the boat. With weary work they made the ship, and as the alarm being now given, it was hardly safe to remain where they were, it was agreed to weigh anchor. Amyas had no hope that Frank might still be alive. So ended that fatal venture of mistaken chivalry.

Amyas Comes Home For the Third Time

MORE than three years have passed since the Rose sailed out from Bideford, and never a word has reached England of what has befallen the ship and her company.

Many have been the adventures of Amyas and the men who have followed him. Treasure they have got in South America, and old Salvation Yeo has found a young girl whom he had lost twelve years before, grown up wild among the Indians. Ayacanora she is called, and she is white, for her father was an Englishman and her mother Spanish, for all her savage ways; and will not be separated from her discoverers, but insists on going with them to England. And Amyas has learnt that his brother Frank was burnt by order of the Inquisition, and with him Rose, and that Don Guzman had resigned the governorship of La Guayra.

Amyas swore a dreadful oath before all his men when he was told of the death of Frank and Rose, that as long as he had eyes to see a Spaniard and hands to hew him down he would give no quarter to that accursed nation, and that he would avenge all the innocent blood shed by them.

And now it is February 1587, and Mrs. Leigh, grown grey and feeble in step, is pacing up and down the terrace walk at Burrough. A flash is seen in the fast darkening twilight, and then comes the thunder of a gun at sea. Twenty minutes later, and a ship has turned up the Bideford river, and a cheer goes up from her crew.

Yes, Amyas has come, and with him Will Cary and the honest parson, Jack Brimblecombe, and the good seamen of Devon; and Ayacanora, who knelt down obedient before Mrs. Leigh because she had seen Amyas kneel, and whom Mrs. Leigh took by the hand and led to Burrough Court.

William Salterne would take none of his share of the treasure which was brought home, and which he had a just claim to.

"The treasure is yours, sir," he said to Amyas. "I have enough, and more than enough. And if I have a claim in law for aught, which I know not, neither shall ever ask—why, if you are not too proud, accept that claim as a plain burgher's thank-offering to you, sir, for a great and a noble love which you and your brother have shown to one who, though I say it to my shame, was not worthy thereof."

That night old Salterne was found dead, kneeling by his daughter's bed. His will lay by him. Any money due to him as owner

of the Rose, and a new barque of 300 tons burden, he had bequeathed to Captain Amyas Leigh, on condition that he should rechristen that barque the Vengeance, and with her sail once more against the Spaniard.

In the summer of 1588 comes the great Armada, and Captain Leigh has the Vengeance fitted out for war, and is in the English Channel. He has found out that Don Guzman is on board the Santa Catherina, and is set on taking his revenge.

For twelve months past this hatred of Don Guzman has been eating out his heart, and now the hour has struck. But the Armada melts away in the storms of the North Sea, and Captain Leigh has pursued the Santa Catherina round the Orkneys and down to Lundy Island. And there, on the rock called the Shutter, the Santa Catherina strikes, and then vanishes for ever and ever.

"Shame," cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right when it was in my very grasp!"

A crack which rent the sky, a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness. The great proud sea captain has been struck blind by the flash of lightning.

Once more Amyas Leigh has come home. His work is over, his hatred dead. And Ayacanora will comfort him to the end.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

John's Fur-Backed Gloves

ONE morning John put on his thick coat and his new fur-backed gloves. He was to take a note to Mrs. Wood, who lived on the other side of the Green.

"Aren't your old ones warm enough?" asked Mummy, when she saw them.

"Oh, do let me wear them," he begged. "I'll not lose them."

All went well until he reached the Green. Then his shoe-lace came undone.

Finding he could not tie it with gloved hands, he took off the precious gloves and put them on the ground.

That very second, as though he had been waiting for it, up dashed a black puppy, snatched up the gloves, and ran away with them.

"Stop!" cried John.

He darted after the dog. But the puppy's four legs went faster than John's two. Besides, the puppy had no untied shoe-lace to trip him up.

Before he had gone three steps, down fell John flat on his face.

He wasn't hurt. But by the time he scrambled up the dog was out of sight.

"Oh dear," said John, stooping down once more to tie his lace. Then he gasped. For at his feet lay a tiny parcel. It was so tightly done up that he

could not possibly open it. So he put it in his pocket.

"After I've taken the note to Mrs. Wood I'll take it to the Police Station," he said to himself.

Mrs. Wood looked worried when she opened the door. "You didn't see a tiny parcel on your way here, did you?" she said. "Coming back from the jeweller's my puppy ran away and in trying to catch him I dropped it."

You can just imagine how thrilled she was when John gave it to her!

"Is your puppy home now?" asked John, anxiously. And he told her about the shoe-lace and the new gloves.

There was no need for the question. Just then into the hall walked the little black puppy—and in his mouth were the gloves! But oh, so chewed up that they could never be worn again!

John was terribly upset.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Wood. "You shall have a new pair. For if my naughty puppy had not run away with your gloves you might never have seen my parcel."

Then she took John and the little black puppy out to the shops and bought John some new gloves, and also a book.

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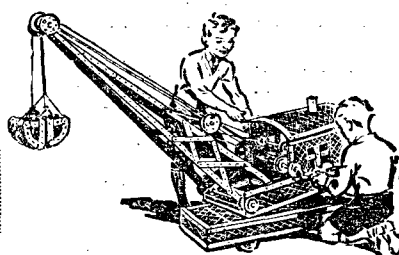
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MARIE REALLY ARE SARDINES!

ELISABETH

Try some today
and store a tin for
emergencies.

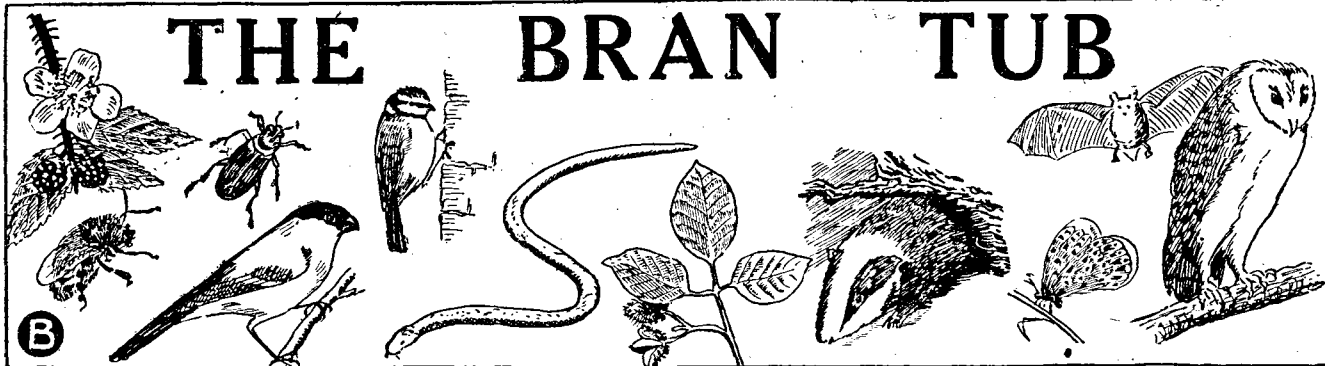
VAPEX DESTROYS COLDS SAFELY

Hot-beds for cold germs are nose and throat. Vapex—pleasant, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic—destroys by direct attack. A few drops on your handkerchief, deep-breathed into nose and throat, get immediate results, clear head of stuffiness, liberate breathing passages. Hourly Vapex treatment eradicates germ colonies, stimulates whole respiratory system, shakes off cold quickly, safely, surely.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-

V196

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.



The names of all these things found in the countryside begin with the letter B. Do you know what they are? Answer next week

It Might Be Worse

PAT was proudly showing his new bicycle to his friend Dennis.

"But you've got a flat tyre," said Dennis.

"Sure," replied Pat. "But it's only flat at the bottom."

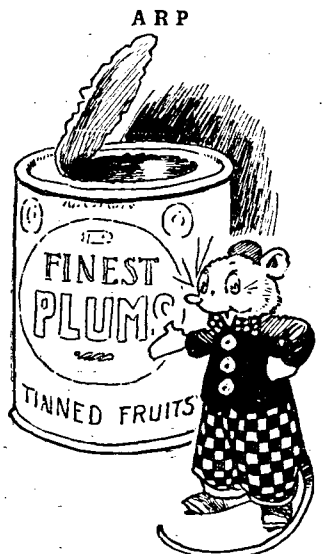
A Conker Lamp

WITH a horse chestnut, or conker, an excellent little lamp can be made. Make holes all over the conker with a stout needle and then soak in paraffin for a few hours. Float the chestnut in water to see which part comes uppermost, and here, in the centre, make a hole. Push eight or ten short pieces of cotton into the hole to form a wick, and then place the chestnut in a tumbler half full of water and light the wick. It will continue to give out a clear light for many hours.

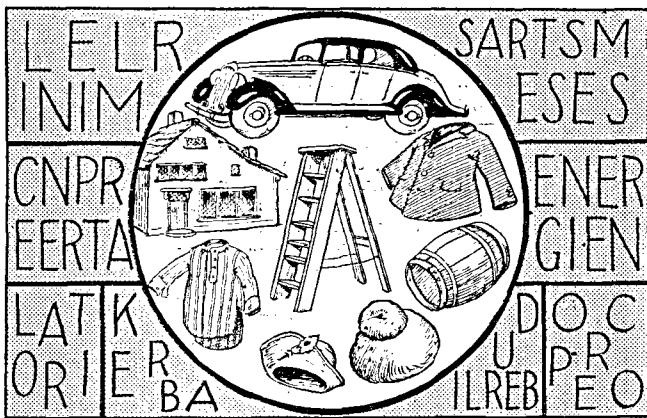
Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus is low in the south-west, Mars is in the south - west, Jupiter in the south, and Saturn and Uranus south-east. In the morning Mercury is low in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 4.30 on Tuesday evening, December 12



If there should be a raid
I shan't run helter-skelter;
I'm not a scrap afraid—
Look at my air-raid shelter!

WHO MAKES THESE THINGS?
Numerous Cash Prizes For Clever C.N. Readers

EIGHT objects are shown in the circle, and the names of the makers of them are given on either side in groups of jumbled letters. For example, *Builder makes House*. Can you find the others?

For the best-written correct or nearest to correct lists the Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings each and 15 prizes of half-a-crown.

Write your list in alphabetical order on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and send it to C.N. Competition Number 93, 21 Whitefriars

Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than the first post on Thursday, December 14.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and all entries must be in the competitor's own handwriting. Only one entry can be accepted from each reader and the Editor's decision will be final.

It is important to remember that your entry, on a postcard, should be in your best writing, for this may be the deciding factor in awarding the prizes. Age will be taken into consideration when judging entries.

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Dec. 10. Royal Academy founded . . . 1768
11. Charles XII of Sweden killed . . . 1718
12. Robert Browning died . . . 1889
13. Drake set off on his voyage round the world . . . 1577
14. George Washington died . . . 1799
15. Izaak Walton died . . . 1683
16. Boston Tea Party . . . 1773

What Am I?

WHEN I am spoken, you will think, perhaps, Of royal folk, of sovereigns—queens or kings, Or, maybe, of a horse with harness fixed, Or else of that which to the good earth brings Life and refreshment, needed, too, by men, Yet leading to disaster now and then.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- Half-Hour Cross Word The Islands Here are two routes. Cross the bridges in the following order:
(a) 1, 3, 2, 15, 5, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 13.
(b) 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 5, 2, 15, 14, 13.

Find the Ingredients. Flour, suet, almond, spice, raisin, peel, egg.

Who Is He?

TAKE the first two letters of the alphabet, a lion's home, a European river, and a source from which water is obtained, and you will have the name of a world-famous Englishman. Who is he? Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français
I Know You Not

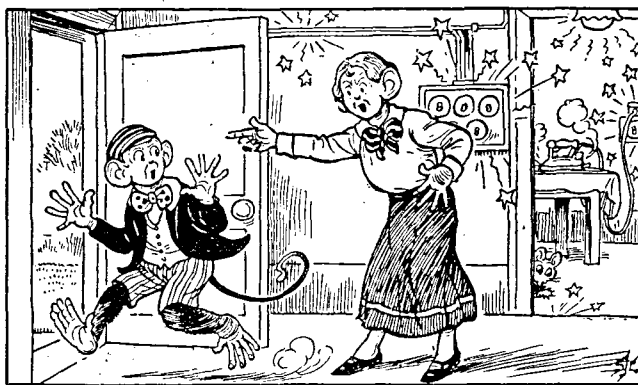
This is from the Sermon on the Mount, in Matthew, chapter seven.

21. Ceux qui me disent: Seigneur, Seigneur! n'entreront pas tous dans le royaume des cieux, mais celui-là seul qui fait la volonté de mon Père qui est dans les cieux.

22. Plusieurs me diront en ce jour-là: Seigneur, Seigneur, n'avons-nous pas prophétisé par ton nom? n'avons-nous pas chassé des démons par ton nom? et n'avons-nous pas fait beaucoup de miracles par ton nom?

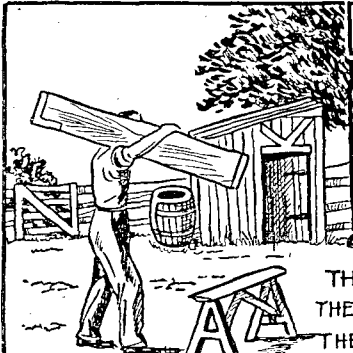
23. Alors je leur dirai ouvertement: Je ne vous ai jamais connu, retirez-vous de moi, vous qui commettez l'iniquité.

Jacko Means Well



BELINDA was enjoying being in her new house. She was particularly pleased with her electric iron. But Jacko found her greatly put out one day. Something had gone wrong with it, and it would take two days to get it mended. "Ha! Ha!" chuckled Jacko to himself. "This is where I come in." He dashed home and borrowed his mother's iron. Then back he flew to Belinda's and plugged it in. Flash! Bang! Unfortunately it was the wrong voltage. The silly lad had fused the whole house! Jacko is a shocking electrician!

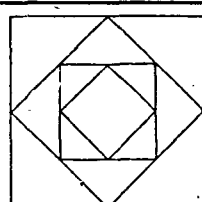
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



THE LETTERS OF THE NAME OF ONE OF THE OBJECTS SHOWN ARE HIDDEN IN THIS PICTURE

THE LETTERS ON THIS CARD WHEN REARRANGED SPELL THE NAMES OF THREE FAMOUS POETS

HENRY S. COPE
"LYNTON" LEWES



COPY THIS DESIGN IN ONE LINE, WITHOUT GOING OVER ANY PART OF A LINE MORE THAN ONCE

CAN YOU GET ALL FOUR BLACK MEN TOGETHER AND ALL FOUR WHITE MEN TOGETHER IN FOUR MOVES, MOVING TWO MEN NEXT TO EACH OTHER EACH TIME?

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

A Happier
CHRISTMAS
for 120,000 Children!

More than 120,000 children are happier each year because of the intervention of the N.S.P.C.C. Homes where ignorance, discord and even heartlessness prevail are being transformed by love and understanding counsel . . .

The war has brought the Society new work for the 1,000,000 evacuated children: disclosures of wrongful conditions call for prompt action if harm to the children is to be avoided. At the Season of the Feast of the Child please help these less fortunate children by your gifts to The—



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DOES YOUR CHILD
TAKE COLD EASILY?

Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives; they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ-breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle today and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Children love the delicious fruity flavour.